

Weight and Burden of a Moment

Art works of Judit Loczi Horvat do not give themselves too easily. Like we can't have access to precious time too easily. Heart is needed to recognize it, mind is needed to comprehend it and finally a particular moment is needed that select us.

How is it like to be present as an artist and as a mother? How is it like to be earthbound and mortal with a small chance of immortality? How is it feel running in the palm of the forest in the web of screened light? How is it feel getting a bunch of flower from the loved one? What does a woman's back look like for an instant in a deep cut dress? How does a shower expel and attract colors? To be present... No to turn towards the Past and not to indulge in the Future: to be in the Present Time like the material whose form is just being made. Now. Like I am just standing here and You are just standing there. we are just crossing each other's living like in Judit's works the abstract forms and colors reach each other. We associate with each other, but we do not touch each other. We are aware of each other but we don't know each other. The biggest mystery of these works for me is space. The space that fact occupy in the labyrinth of emotions, to reveal new perceptions there by making new alcoves, new channels. So that we should not ever again loose our way or to get lost forever. Hence everything is a form: cells and bodies, too. These are particular entities. But what about the inner space? Inner spaces where we let others to enter or where they never let us enter. What about memories? Where and how we preserve their forms, colors and smells? If we have inner organs, do we have inner stores and inner tunnels? Is there a separate house of memories? If yes, memories have their own house, then how we can be so abandoned and so free?

When body does not exist anymore, it loses cc 21 mg weight. Some say, it is the soul's weights, 21 mg. It body loses 21 mg when soul is leaving flesh that does not serve him anymore. But others say that it is only water, without which we could not live on the Earth. Live or exist? What is the difference between the two? Perhaps, it is the precious moment. An instant evanescent, the wonder, the secret, the fascination, only so much... no more... It is like to be mortal, just like this.

Judit's exhibition is especially exciting because she exteriorizes such a sensation that is completely metaphysical. It has no external accomplishment; it has no form. Hence Judit's artistic world is so individual and irregular that she makes use of this space. She only makes personal, shaded implications. She transforms and she invites for interpretations. Judit's revealing is such an artistic architecture that keeps her delicate distance elegance, while it opens up for us denuded. The lines in gray, in orange and in light blue colors vibrate in it, as it opens us, as it reveals suddenly something incomprehensible becomes comprehensible for us. Some structural intimacy.

And this space does not give itself to us easily. And just because of this, it is beautiful. Because it is hers. And it would be just only hers if she did not invite us now. If she did not invite us into this moment build up from forms. If she did not share it with us we would be less... we would miss the Present. The Present that becomes Past the moment I enter it. Live with it! Live in it a little bit! Because tomorrow is always late.

Julianna Imola Szabo